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Cover

Ann Hasseltine Judson.

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ADDRESS

DELIVERED AT

BRADFORD, MASSACHUSETTS,

MARCH 26, 1884,

ON THE OCCASION OF THE

PRESENTATION OF THE PORTRAIT

OF

ANN HASSELTINE JUDSON

TO BRADFORD ACADEMY,

BY THE

REV. EDWARD G. PORTER,

LEXINGTON.

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1884. June 5.

at

The Auditor

On the same occasion, the portraits of Harriet Newell and Dr. Rufus Anderson were presented to the Academy. A full account of the exercises was published in pamphlet form by the Board of Trustees.

ADDRESS.

MR. PRESIDENT AND FRIENDS:

The young ladies of the Academy, who present the portrait of Mrs. Judson, have assigned to me the honor of speaking in their behalf, with the request that some delineation of the life and character of this remarkable woman might be given on this occasion.

Ann Hasseltine Judson was the daughter of John and Rebecca Hasseltine, and was born in Bradford, Dec. 22, 1789, four years before Harriet Newell, and seven years before Rufus Anderson. It is interesting to remember that only a few weeks before her birth, General Washington passed through Haverhill and Bradford on his famous tour through New England in the first year of his administration as President of the United States.

Ann, or Nancy Hasseltine, as she was originally called, was one of seven children, and the youngest of four daughters. The sons died in youth or early manhood, but the daughters who were all educated at this Academy, lived to be distinguished women in the various stations in life to which they were called. The eldest, Rebecca, married the Rev. Joseph Emerson of Beverly, afterwards with his wife in charge of the well known school at Byfield, where Mary Lyon was trained. The second, Mary, was also a successful teacher, though preferring a retired life. Always the most delicate member of the family in health, she yet outlived them all, and was known to many of us as a highly accomplished and refined woman. The next in order was Abigail, the beloved and honored preceptress of this institution for many happy years, whose genial face looks down upon

us from yonder portrait, as if in grateful recognition of the gifts which bring again to her side these beloved companions of her youth. The fourth was our subject, Ann, the brilliant girl, the noble woman, the devoted missionary, whose portrait is now unveiled before us.

Surely here is honor enough for one family ! Four such daughters shed lustre upon the name of Hasseltine, upon the school which nurtured them, and upon the town which they delighted to call their home.

With the others, Ann passed her childhood on this hill under the inspiring influences of the natural features of the place which have since become dear to so many. She was one of the early pupils of the Academy, and was held in high esteem as a gifted and industrious scholar. Her associates found her an open-hearted, sincere and spirited companion, ever ready to engage in the recreations as well as in the studies of the school. One of her classmates speaks of her "cheerful countenance, her sweet smile, her happy disposition, her keen wit, her lively conduct," which made her a great favorite among her companions.

She says herself, in one of her private journals, that her life at this period was far too gay and careless ; and her conscience reproached her for neglecting many duties which she had been taught to perform.

The first occasion of serious reflection appears to have been one Sunday morning, when she was about fifteen years of age. Just before going to church she accidentally took up Hannah More's work on Female Education, and the first words that caught her eye were : "*She that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth.*" These words, which were printed in italics, struck her, she says, to the heart. She paused for a few moments, and felt that she would like to lead a different life, but then she thought that the words might not apply to her, and so she concluded to think no more about them. A few months later she read the Pilgrim's Progress, and became much interested in the story, so much so, indeed, that she resolved to begin a religious life ; but various hindrances of a social nature intervened, and it was not until the next year, 1806, that she experienced that radical change of heart which brought her to the Savior's feet. I do not remember ever to have read a more thorough and convincing account of the emotions of the soul in turning to God than that which

Miss Hasseltine has given in the pages of her journal, so full and so profound. Out of the darkness she came at last into the light, the light of the cross. Her torturing load of fears was gone, and gone forever; and she found peace and even rapture in the contemplation of the Savior who had taken away her sin.

The quality of her mind may be inferred from the character of the books which she read at this period with the greatest eagerness. The Scriptures, with such commentaries as Guise, Orton and Scott were her daily study; and Edwards, Hopkins, Bellamy and Doddridge, became her favorite authors.

On the 14th of September, 1806, she, with one of her sisters united with the church in this town, then under ministry of the Rev. Jonathan Allen. The other sisters joined the following year, a wide-spread interest in religion having been awakened under the earnest and helpful guidance of the principal, Mr. Burnham, a graduate of Dartmouth, and afterwards for nearly half a century, the honored pastor of the church in Pembroke, N. H.

After leaving the Academy, Miss Hasseltine became a teacher in Haverhill, Salem and Newbury, but the event which determined her future life was her meeting with Mr. Judson, during the sessions of the Massachusetts Association at Bradford, in June, 1810. Young Judson was a graduate of Brown, and had already taught school and published two text books, a grammar and an arithmetic. He was now in the last year of his studies at Andover, and his mind had become seriously occupied with a plan to carry the gospel to the heathen. At that time there was no organization in this country to support foreign missions, but the honor of instituting one fell upon Bradford at this memorable meeting of the General Association, when in response to an appeal from four of the Andover students—Judson, Nott, Mills and Newell—an organization was effected which soon took the name of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, a name which has since been carried into every quarter of the globe with the banner of the cross unfurled before the eyes of perishing millions.

The deliberations continued several days, during which the members were the guests of the people of Bradford. Of course the hospitable home of Deacon Hasseltine would receive its share; and we are not surprised to find Mr. Judson there one day at dinner with

some of the ministers. It is related that the youngest daughter, Ann, was waiting on the table, according to the old New England custom. Her attention was naturally drawn to the young student, whose bold missionary projects were making such a stir; and his attention, it seems, was somewhat diverted from his plate, although the fair attendant little imagined that she had woven her spell about his young heart, and that he was at that very time composing a graceful sonnet in her praise. The acquaintance thus formed soon ripened into a mutual attachment, and led to an offer of marriage. To decide this question must have been, with her, no easy matter, for it involved the necessity of exile from home and country, and the probability of great sufferings in unknown lands beyond the sea. We do not wonder that she hesitated. Her education, her temperament, her social affinities, all qualified her to fill some place of honor and usefulness at home. No missionary had yet gone from this country into foreign parts, and no woman had thought of it, except perhaps Harriet Atwood, to whom the same grave question was at this time submitted. No one dared advise her to go, such were the uncertainties of the enterprise; and yet no one could persuade her to stay, so great was the fascination which the work had for her. It cannot be said that her decision was the result of a romantic or adventurous spirit, for both she and Mr. Judson had calmly and deliberately estimated the difficulties and perils that were before them. This appears in his manly letter to her parents, asking for their consent to the marriage. When the matter was finally decided, there was on her part no misgiving, no regret. "I am not only willing," she writes in her journal, "to spend my days among the heathen, in attempting to enlighten and save them, but I find much pleasure in the prospect. Yes I think I would rather go to India, notwithstanding the almost insurmountable difficulties in the way, than to stay at home and enjoy the comforts and luxuries of life. * * * *Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it unto me according to thy word.*"

They were married on the 5th of February, 1812, by Mr. Allen, who also preached a sermon on the occasion, from John XI: 52, tenderly addressing the young missionaries as "my dear children" and closing the service with an original hymn of his own which was sung by the large congregation. The first stanza will show us the character of this interesting hymn:—

Go, ye heralds of salvation ;
Go, and preach in heathen lands ;
Publish loud to every nation
What the Lord of Life commands.
Go, ye sisters, their companions,
Soothe their cares, and wipe their tears,
Angels shall in bright battalions
Guide your steps and guard your fears.

Mr. Newell and Miss Atwood were present on this occasion, and were married four days later. On the 6th of February, the ordination took place in the Tabernacle Church at Salem, and on the 19th, Mr. and Mrs. Judson, and Mr. and Mrs. Newell embarked in the brig *Caravan*, bound for Calcutta.

Their chosen work was before them, beckoning them on with its animating promise ; and their hearts were set upon it more and more, but the parting was an ordeal of peculiar sadness, because they expected never to return ; "My heart bleeds " writes Mrs. Judson in her journal that night, after taking leave of her friends. "O, America, my native land, must I leave thee ? must I leave my parents, my sisters and brother, my friends beloved, and all the scenes of my early youth ? must I leave thee, Bradford, my dear native town, where I spent the pleasant years of childhood ; where I learned to lisp the name of mother ; where my infant mind first began to expand ; where I first entered the field of science ; where I learned the endearments of friendship, and tasted of all the happiness this world can afford ; where I learned also to value a Saviour's blood, and to count all things but loss in comparison with the knowledge of Him. * * "Farewell, happy, happy scenes, but never, no, never to be forgotten."

After a voyage of four months, they arrived in Calcutta where they were cordially welcomed by Dr. Cary, who invited them to the English Baptist Mission at Serampore, a few miles up the river. While there, they were led to adopt Baptist principles, an event which providentially resulted in the establishment of the Burman Mission, and an appeal to the Baptist Churches in America to form an organization for the support of Foreign Missions. The policy of the East India Company was at that time hostile to missionary operations, and our friends were peremptorily ordered to leave the country. The Newells went first, and after many vexatious delays, the Judsons arrived at the Isle of France, only to receive the startling tidings of

the death of Mrs. Newell a few weeks before. "O what news, what distressing news!" writes Mrs. Judson. "Harriet is dead. Harriet my dear friend, my earliest associate in the mission is no more. O death! * * Could not this infant mission be shielded from thy shaft? But thou hast only executed the commission of a higher power. * * Thou wast sent by a kind Father to release His child from toil and pain. Be still, then, my heart, and know that God hath done it."

The hostility of the government followed them here, and they sailed for Madras, where however, they were doomed to fresh disappointment; and finding no vessel bound for any other place, they took an unseaworthy craft for Rangoon, the chief port of Burmah, thirty miles from the sea, on one of the outlets of the Irrawaddy. The health of Mrs. Judson had suffered from such constant changes and hardships, so that she was scarcely able to land. She was borne upon the shoulders of the natives and as they passed along, crowds of people gathered from curiosity to see this strange looking white woman in European dress.

Here at last they found a resting place where they were permitted to stay. But their real difficulties were only just begun. How could they attempt to evangelize a people whose language they knew nothing of? And how were they to learn it? There was no grammar, no dictionary, and not even an interpreter to help them. But they had not come across the seas at such a sacrifice, and on such an errand to be thwarted by obstacles which courage and perseverance might overcome. And so they bravely grappled with the difficulty, and at last they conquered it. It took them three long years to do it, but they were rewarded for their pains an hundred fold in the oral message, the christian literature, and the sacred Scriptures which they were afterwards able to give to the Empire of Burmah.

In 1815, their second child was born, and honored with the name of Roger Williams. Their first child slept beneath the waters of the Bay of Bengal, a victim of the intolerance of the East India Company which drove the missionaries away from the soil of India. And now after a short life of eight months, the little blue-eyed Roger sickened and died, and was buried in the garden of the mission. The wife of the Viceroy, hearing of the death of the child, came to pay its mother a visit of condolence, accompanied by her officers of

state, and attendants, in all about two hundred persons. An opportunity was thus afforded, even by this sad bereavement, to cultivate a more intimate acquaintance with the Burman people. The Viceroy also showed a kindly spirit by sending the missionaries an elephant, occasionally, to accompany them in their excursions.

Mr. Judson commenced preaching in 1819, in a building erected for the purpose, called a Zayat. Shortly after, the first Burman convert was baptized, and a few months later, two others. Thus after a wearisome labor of six years in preparing the foundations, the first living stones were at last laid for the spiritual temple which was to be erected to the glory of God in that heathen land.

In all the work of the mission, Mrs. Judson was a genuine helpmeet to her husband. She not only managed the domestic affairs of the home, but she taught the Burmese women and children, besides writing tracts, and assisting in the translation of the Bible being herself an apt scholar in the language, and commanding her time with marvellous ability and wisdom.

These exhausting labors, however, proved too much for her health, and she was advised to visit India for a change. Mr. Judson accompanied her, and several months were spent at Serampore, where the kindness of friends, and the much-needed rest secured such beneficial results that they returned to Rangoon with new hope. It was not long however, before they were both attacked by a violent fever, which left Mrs. Judson in such a precarious condition that it was deemed necessary for her to have an entire change of climate. Accordingly it was arranged that she should visit America; and for this purpose she sailed for Calcutta, where some English friends offered her a free passage to England. The voyage proved advantageous, and on her arrival she was hospitably received in London, as the guest of Joseph Butterworth, Esq., M. P., at whose house she met many distinguished christians and philanthropists, including Wilberforce, Babington and Sumner, the chaplain to George IV, who had just come to the throne. She afterwards visited Cheltenham for the sake of the waters, and then accepted pressing invitations from friends in Scotland, to whom she became sincerely attached through their social courtesies and valuable gifts.

In August, 1822, she embarked for America, several Liverpool ladies defraying the expense of her passage, and escorting her some distance

out of port. She arrived in New York on the 25th of September, and proceeded first to Philadelphia to confer with the officers of the Missionary Society. She then came to Bradford, intending to pass the winter here; but the excitement occasioned by visiting the scenes and friends of her childhood, and the constant demands upon her strength, added to the trying effect of the weather upon a constitution accustomed to a tropical climate, compelled her, after an experiment of six weeks, to change her purpose and spend the winter farther south. A brother of Mr. Judson was at that time a physician under the government, and stationed at Baltimore. By his advice she decided to locate in that city and take a systematic course of medical treatment. Excluding herself from society almost altogether, she followed with scrupulous care the orders of her physician, giving her leisure time to her extensive correspondence and to the preparation of a History of the Burman Mission, which was soon after published both in this country and in England. Dr. Wayland, who made Mrs. Judson's acquaintance during her visit to the United States, has thus described her: "I do not remember ever to have met a more remarkable woman. To great clearness of intellect, large powers of comprehension, and intuitive female sagacity, * * * she added that heroic disinterestedness which naturally loses all consciousness of self in the prosecution of a great object. These elements, however, were all held in reserve and were hidden from public view by a veil of unusual feminine delicacy. * * *

When I saw her, her complexion bore that sallow hue which commonly follows residence in the East Indies. As she found herself among friends who were interested in the Burman Mission, her reserve melted away, her eye kindled, every feature was lighted up with enthusiasm, and she was everywhere acknowledged to be one of the most fascinating of women." It may not be generally known that during her residence in Rangoon, Mrs. Judson adopted the Burmese dress. Her figure, which was of medium weight, is said to have appeared much taller and more commanding in the oriental costume, and her rich Spanish complexion lent it an additional charm. Her dark curls were straightened and drawn back from her forehead, and a fragrant cocoa-blossom would often drop like a white plume from the knot upon the crown. Her saffron vest, when thrown open would reveal the folds of crimson beneath; and the rich silk skirt,

wrapped about her fine figure, parted at the ankle and sloped gracefully back upon the floor.

It was during her visit in this country that the distinguished artist Rembrandt Peale painted her portrait, now in possession of her niece, Miss Rebecca E. Hasseltine of St. Augustine, Florida, who has kindly consented to its removal to Boston in order that a copy for this institution might be made by Miss Bartlett, whose success has delighted all of us to-day. The face of Mrs. Judson, as represented in this portrait, is one which will not soon be forgotten, combining as it does in an unusual degree, intelligence, character and grace. We can understand the achievements of a woman whose purpose is so evidently present in these animated features which have been so well caught and transmitted to us upon the canvas. Nor is the picture any the less interesting because of its quaint dress, and the accompanying palm leaf fittingly inscribed with Burman characters. This Academy is richer than ever, now that it has upon its walls such a souvenir of such a woman.

Mrs Judson sailed from Boston, June 21, 1823, for Calcutta and reached Rangoon early in December, to find that war was threatened between Burmah and the Bengal government. Mr. Judson had made arrangements to remove his residence to Ava, the capital, a long distance up the river, and soon after the arrival of his wife, they set out for their new home, "not knowing the things that should befall them there." Home, indeed, it could hardly be called, for they found no house at Ava to shelter them from the burning sun by day, or the chilling dews at night. They had to remain in their boat until they could build for themselves a small cottage outside the town on the bank of the river. Here Mrs. Judson soon opened a school for girls, two of whom she named *Mary* and *Abby Hasseltine*, as they were to be partially supported with funds contributed by the Judson Association of Bradford Academy.

It was not long before the startling news came that the English had captured Rangoon with a large force and were advancing toward the Capital. Suspicion of treachery rested upon the few foreigners living at Ava, and an order was issued for their arrest. Mr. Judson was seized at dinner, thrown upon the floor, bound with strong cords and dragged away to prison, in spite of the protestations and entreaties of his wife, who was compelled to remain in her house under

a strong guard. At this juncture, she destroyed all her letters and journals, lest they might disclose facts which would be construed against her in the examination to which she was forced to submit. Hearing that her husband was confined in the 'death prison,' and heavily loaded with irons, she begged permission to visit him. This was for some time refused, but at last, through her persistent endeavors, she was allowed to go as far as the prison gate where she had a brief interview with him, only to learn of the horrors of the dungeon in which he was confined. And now all the resources of her heroic nature were taxed to their utmost to devise means for obtaining his release. She appealed to the Governor of the city to the Queen, to the jailers and other officials, but only obtained a few evasive promises, which served little else than to keep her from despair.

Day after day, and month after month, she went on foot two miles to the prison to carry some word of comfort, or article of food, returning alone, often late in the evening, worn out with fatigue and anxiety. The only mitigation she could gain was the temporary removal of her husband to a bamboo hut in the prison yard, where she could minister to his necessities. "The acme of my distress," she wrote, 'consisted in the awful uncertainty of our final fate. My prevailing opinion was that my husband would suffer violent death and that I should of course become a slave, and languish out a miserable though short existence, in the tyrannic hands of some unfeeling master.'

But the worst was yet to come. When the hot season set in, the foul atmosphere of the prison was insupportable. Several of the prisoners died, and Mr. Judson was seized with a fever. Just then they were ordered away from Ava to another prison near Amarapoora. Stripped of nearly all their clothing, they were driven on foot without hat or shoes under the burning sun, until their backs were scorched and their feet blistered and bleeding. Mrs. Judson, on hearing of their departure, ran from street to street to learn in what direction they had gone. As soon as she ascertained, she appealed to the Governor for permission to follow, and started early the next morning carrying in her arms an infant child, born in the midst of these overwhelming sorrows. At night-fall she reached her husband and found him in chains, utterly helpless, and suffering from fever and wounds. Though exhausted herself, she summoned the feeble

remnants of her strength, and hastened back to Ava to bring their medicine chest, which she had left behind in her flight. She returned with it only to fall fainting upon a mat, from which she did not rise for two months. In this extremity, she was unable to care for herself, her husband or her child, and they must all have perished had it not been for a faithful Bengali cook, who did everything in his power to minister to their wants.

Such, my friends, were the scenes of cruelty and terror through which this brave-hearted Bradford woman was called to pass. Does history anywhere show us an instance of more intrepid courage or unflinching devotion? Search the annals of Greek or Roman, mediæval or modern heroism, and you will find no name worthier to be honored upon your walls than hers. The late Mrs. Sigourney, herself one of America's noblest daughters, was so moved by the story of Mrs. Judson's life that she wrote some admirable lines in her honor, from which I make the following extract :—

"Tardy months pass by,
And find her still intrepid at her post
Of danger, and of disappointed hope.
Stern sickness smote her, but she felt it not.
Heeded it not, and still with tireless zeal
Carried the hoarded morsel to her love;
Dared the rude arrogance of savage power
To plead for him; and bade his dungeon glow
With her fair brow, as erst the angel's smile
Aroused imprisoned Peter, when his hands,
Loos'd from their chains, were lifted high in praise."

As the victorious English forces under Sir Archibald Campbell, approached the Capital, it became evident that terms of peace must be made at once, or the city would fall into their hands. Accordingly a royal embassy was sent to the camp with Mr. Judson as interpreter. The negotiations finally succeeded, and the war which had continued nearly two years, was terminated by the Treaty of Yantabo, February 24, 1826.

Arrangements were at once made by the British commander, for the safety of Mr. and Mrs. Judson and their little daughter Maria, who were kindly received at his headquarters and provided with a comfortable passage to Rangoon on a gun boat. Soon after, they removed to Amherst, a new town at the mouth of the Salwen, named in honor of the Governor General of India. Here they were able to rest in peace, with the prospect of an interesting missionary work

under the protection of the British flag. But, alas ! for human hopes. In a few months, Mrs. Judson was seized with a violent fever which her enfeebled constitution was unable to resist, and she breathed her last on the 24th of October, 1826, at the early age of thirty-seven years. She was buried near her home, under a large hopia tree, on a beautiful green bluff overlooking the sea ; and not long after, her little Maria was placed by her side.

Thus ended one of the noblest lives ever consecrated to the cause of missions. To Mrs. Judson, with her husband, was assigned the toil and the sacrifice, the joy and the sorrow of planting the Gospel in the Burman Empire. She was permitted to reap with him, the first precious fruits of that harvest which has since been counted by thousands of sheaves gathered into the garner of the Lord. All honor to them that sow in tears : they shall reap in joy.

To you, young ladies, and to those who come after you in this favored school of learning, we commit the memory of this lovely and devoted woman whose face in yonder portrait will not fail to inspire you to noble deeds when you remember her as the Bradford girl, the consecrated missionary and the renowned heroine of Ava.



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